# The Cee-Ay

Of, By and For the Students of Columbia College

VOL. I. March 22, 1922 NO. 2.

## EXTRA

Before a crowd of two hundred and fifty fans last night in the East Dubuque High School Gym, "Battling Michel" alais Bart Linehan fought a draw with "Kid" Cerney. Michel had the "Kid" stepping lively the first round but the other two rounds were pretty near even.

The second bout between "Kid Glove" Groff and Duckie Dawson was fast and furious while it lasted. The first round Duckie was Ducking most of Groff's blows but in the second round Groff seemed to know where he was going to duck and always met him with a stiff jab. Mr. Dawson says as far as he is concerned the boxing commission can do without him. As our space is limited we will say only a few words regarding the last boxing bout and the wrestling match. McLaughlin from Dubuque bested "Young" Jansen from East Dubuque in three rounds. Duke Ward a local wrestler tussled with Cap Lewis from across the creek for ten minutes in a no decision match.

### The Last Game.

The snappiest game of the whole season was played in the Columbia Gym between the Fourth Ac's Boarders and the Freshmen Arts.

The game started out as expected, it being the best game of the season; fast, peppy and lots of fight The fight and spirit with which the Fourth Ac's fought their game and lost was far from being a discredit to them. Diamond of the Fourth Ac's was the outstanding star of the game. One might easily tell this by a look at the box score. He had scored three of the Fourth Ac's four field goals. He put in the only two free throws that the Fourth Ac's made.

Kopel also starred. It is to his credit that the Fourth basket of the Fourth Ac's is attributed. He had for his guard the giant, Knight, the veteran of Columbia football team. We will say this much for Knight that he is a good guard who can hold "Eddy" down to one basket. But there were times during the game when Knight would have sold his position very cheap.

Hannahan played his usual game. Yes, we say usual game because John's usual game is played exceedingly well. It was John who generally started the ball for the Arts basket. And it was John's floor work which helped to increase the interest of the game.

O'Donnell and Armstrong were certainly "Der Stonewall"; at least that's what the Freshmen Arts think. They were like two fast moving trucks before the Fourth Ac's basket. And the two men who very seldom got by them shouldn't have been on the Freshmen Arts team at all.

The cup was presented last night to the Freshmen Arts who in turn presented it to Father Ambrosy.

### FOOTPRINTS.

There was but one clue. The daring criminal had come in the dead of night, had committed his evil deed, had carried out his insidious designs; but he left behind him that tell-tale guide, that terror of those who act in secret—footprints!

The alarm was sounded. A consultation was held, and all the known facts of the case were stated. An innocent young life was taken and the murderer's trail in the snow was the only bit of evidence.

No one was permitted to go near the tracks, for the greatest care must be taken that this one means of bringing the murderer to justice might not be destroyed.

To attempt to follow him on foot would be useless, and the cry goes up, "The hounds! Get the hounds!"

The keen nosed brutes are put on the trail, and they take up the chase with deep bays that bade no good to the pursued. The avengers of the crime follow. They are armed and carry their weapons with a firm grasp as they hurry on with grim determination.

Can the criminal be caught? The belief is that he can. But suddenly a new hindrance to the success of the pursuit appears. The sun and south wind seem to have conspired with fate to throw the pursuers off the track, by melting the snow. In a short time the footprints will be wiped out and the fugitive will have made his escape!

Efforts to overtake him are redoubled. The fierce hounds begin to give voice to louder cries and to spring forward with renewed eagerness. They must be near their quarry!

A prayer is said that the trail may not be destroyed by the melting snow before the murderer is caught sight of, and the prayer is answered.

The dogs and the pursueing party close in on the fleeing criminal and one voley ends the career of the jack-rabbit who had destroyed a young apple tree by eating the bark from it.

—John Plamondon. '22.

### GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Thursday, Monsignor Heer and Father Bauman, of Dubuque, celebrated their golden jubilee. They were the guests of the faculty for dinner and after dinner the band formed in the court and played several pieces. At present the Monsignor is pastor at St. Mary's and Father Bauman is at St. Anthony's.

**Ad multos annos.**

### THE SICK.

Reports from Mercy hospital show that Jess Tarzan Frank Faha is on the road to recovery. Saturday he was able to walk across his room unassisted. Anybody wishing to take a poke at Jess remember that this is the time. But don't forget he's going to get well.

A letter from Francis Reilly shows that "Sister" is improving steadily. He is at his uncle's farm now and he is able to eat an invalid's meal now which is more than he could do when he went home. Carl Schlitz is at his home. He left Mercy Hospital a few weeks ago and will soon be back at school. Red Markham is back at school Red spent some time in Mercy Hospital with Becker and Jess, and later enoyed a little vacation at home.

### VISITORS.

Last Thursday "Kenny" Bell, '18, graced our campus for a few hours. Kenneth was here during those glad days of the R. O. T. C. and was Major during eighteen. He was a basketball star and played with "Tanlac Bill" and "Little Jawn" now our two varsity guards.

Dan Maloney, also of '18 spent a day here last week.

### THE GLEE CLUB.

Before Christmas, the Glee Club was organized with the intention of providing filling in halves during the basketball season. Because of lack of support it broke up. Now it is being reorganized at the request of the students. Father Striegel direct and only those, who have ability and ambition, need apply. Rehearsals will be held every Tuesday evening in room 304 in the gym.

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

"Doc" Shilling wishes to announce that he claims the lightweight pie eating championship. He points to his record hung up in the "Banner" when with McBride as official timer, he stored away a pie in fifty-nine seconds. All challengers file their bids at the Cee-Ay office before March 30. Each interested must furnish his own pie.

# "THE CEE-AY"

Published weekly in the interests of Columbia Academy, Dubuque, Iowa.

Wednesday, March 22, 1922.

Subscription price 5 cents per copy.

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## Editorial

Last week's issue, according to all reports, was a success. They say that "Well begun is half done," but its the last half that is bothering us. It was an easy matter to find material to put in the first issue, everything was new, but now with each succeeding issue this will become more difficult. Last week we published a poem by Mr. Powers, an article by "Jack" Schlick and a satire by "Chuck" Kilcrece. All of these were well worth the space they occupied. This issue, however ,no one has handed in any prose. We have been flooded with poetry, much of it very good, but we cannot publish poetry exclusively.

Several have gotten together and are writing articles. Unfortunately, none were finished in time to print in this issue. More of you can get together and do the same thing.

Another thing, if you write a real good story for English make an extra copy of it and bring it to the editor's room or to 224. Very often the professor wishes to keep your story for himself and we're unable to publish it. Have anything you wish to be printed in the office before Sunday night. Y 23.

Since the beginning of plans for the "Cee-Ay", the staff has asked you all for jokes. It's quite some labor to find three pages of theme paper full of jokes once every week. And this is necessary for the publishing of the jokes in the "Dumb-bell Racque". Cee-Ay wants jokes, good ones, and the staff asks you all to contribute your jokes, poems and crazy facts and sayings to the Joke Editor. Be patriotic and lend a hand. If you see any joke you consider good ,cut it out, or copy it and give it to the joke editor.

On the other hand, to those who have been doing so, the joke editor extends his hearty thanks and encouragement. If your joke doesn't appear in the following issue, don't quit. Be assured that no partiality is being shown. Cee-Ay is picking the best material, and if your joke doesn't appear, it's because there's one better to replace it. However, special effort is being made to publish the ones contributed by our fellow students. So don't feel bad if your jokes didn't get in the publication, but try again.

Now, in handing in jokes use discretion. You all know an aged and grey joke doesn't go down. Get the good ones. Put yourself in the place of the Joke Editor, trying to please 150 boarders and 175 day scholars. It's hard, but two hands are better than one, and if each of our 300 odd in St. Joseph hall would hand in one joke each week, one good up to date joke, the Joke Man's work would be lightened 300 per cent.

I repeat, keep it up, those who have done so, so far. We appreciate your effort.

W. G. Scherer, '23.

### TO LORAS HALL.

Members of the College department have suggested that the Cee-Ay be published as a college paper instead of an academy paper .

This has been talked over by members of the advisory board and members of our faculty have been consulted and it has been decided that this would be impossible as we wish to keep the Cee-Ay strictly as an academy paper.

It is argued that if we do allow it to become a college paper it will be much the same as the Spokesman and the academy will be as bad off as ever.

According to the rules first published the Junior class will have charge of the paper, assisted by the senior advisory board . It may be that we will be able to enlarge the paper and publish Loras Hall items if the Cee-Ay attains a sufficient circulation in Loras Hall, until the college is able to publish their own weekly, but the Cee-Ay must remain in St. Joseph Hall. Y. '23.

### THE DECORATING.

Have you seen the main entrance since the painters have finished their work? How many of you knew that we would have such a classy coat-of-arms until you saw it last week? Let's see it and our colors more often.

### EXTRA COPIES.

Because of the demand for extra copies we are ordering quite a large surplus this time. Copies will be on sale at 224 every evening 3:45 to 4:00 and 6:30 to 7:00. Each copy is five cents.

## The Dumb-Bell Racque

**Getting Tiresome.**

Orator: Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, before I close to repeat the words of the immortal Webster—

Green: "Let's get out of here. He's going to start on the Dictionary."—LeRoy.

* * *

**Called.**

"I didn't see you in church last sunday."

"No doubt, I passed the collection-box."—LeRoy.

* * *

**Special Price.**

Red: What will it cost to have my car fixed?"

Garage Man: "Whassa matter?"

Red: "Dunno."

G. M.: "$48.50. Get it at four thirty. Hey Eddie!"—Le Roy.

* * *

**Cheap Labor.**

Cy: John, see that sign, "Dickens Works, all this week for $4.50."

John: "The devil he does, he's a dirty scab."—(Long John).

* * *

**Time.**

K. C.—Hello, Abe. Haven't seen you for about a month. Whatcha been doing?"

Abe: "Thirty days."—Wisconsin Octopus.

* * *

**Hire—Purchase.**

Servant: Gentleman wishes to see you."

Hardupp: "Tell him to take a chair and I'll be there directly."

Servant: "He's taken all the chairs sir, and now he's starting on the rest of the furniture."—Didymus

* * *

**The Man To Send.**

When I was a corporal I commanded one of my men to set the target for practice. Later I discovered he'd set it wrong and I was peeved. I turned to him and said, "Next time I send a boob to do anything, I'll go myself."—Didymus.

* * *

First Flea (On Post Toastie Box): "What's your hurry?"

Second Flea: "See that sign?" It says, "Tear along this edge."

* * *

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to the crowd hath said,
"I'll take a ginger ale instead."

* * *

**No Argument.**

Pat was trying to ride an unruly mule, when with an unusual vicious lunge the mule caught it's feet in the stirrup, whereupon Pat said: "Begorra, if ye wants to git ahn, say so, and O'ill decamp."

* * *

**Slap Stick.**

New Rich: "What will you take to paint my picture?"

Artist: "Bucket of mud and a broom."

**What They All Say.**

Mr. R.: I punished you to show my love for you."

Bud: "S'all right, only its a good thing for you I'm not big enough to return your love, that's all."

* * *

**Time To Go.**

A man visiting in a hospital began to take interest in some of the other patients.

"What are you here for?"

"Tonsilitis, and I have to have my tonsils cut out."

"And you?"

"Blood poison in my arm, and I have to have it cut off."

'Gangway! No place for me. I've got a cold in my head."

* * *

**Remedy.**

History Prof.: "Desmond, what makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

Des.: "I don't know, or I'd take some myself."—London Opinion.

* * *

**Dodgin!**

A foreman named Dodgin, was not known to all his men. Recently he made the rounds, and found two men loafing.

"Who are you?" asked one.

"I'm Dodgin, the foreman."

"So are we. Sit down and have a smoke."

* * *

'What makes you girls run about the way you do, I can't see?"

"Perhaps some of us are looking for our mothers," suggested the shy [illegible] Didymus.

* * *

**Much In Little.**

Joe: "What's the height of your ambition?"

Nic: "She comes about to my shoulders."

* * *

**Rescue.**

Bill Thompson, a country store keeper went to the city to buy goods. They were sent immediately and reached home before he did. When the boxes were delivred, Mrs. Smith uttered a scream as she opened the largest one.

"What's the matter Mandy," asked a customer.

Pale and faint Mrs. Smith pointed to the inscription on the box: "BILL INSIDE."

* * *

Lloyd: Census figures here that blindness is decreasing in Chi."

Jay: "In people mebe, but not pigs."

* * *

Frank: "It says here, China is building a new navy."

Spex: "Yeah! While other nations are junkink their ships, China is making ships of their junks."—Didymus.

Kellogg "These millionaire movie directors———

Hussey: ——can sure thank their lucky stars."—Didymus.

* * *

Powers: "Duffy, if you eat any more, you'll bust."

Duffy: "Frank, pass the spuds and stand aside."

* * *

**One Minute.**

I have only just a minute,
Only sixty seconds in it,
Forced upon me—can't refuse it,
Now it's up to me to use it,
I must suffer if I lose it.
Just a little tiny minute,
But eternity is in it.

—Didymus.

McPartland: "Gee, [illegible] guy Scrooge was tight."

Ozzie: "Yeah, but I know a guy so tight that if he owned the Pacific Ocean, he wouldn't give a craw-fish enough water to gargle his throat."

* * *

Here of late the roomers on Schliques corridor have a new alarm clock—or anyway, it serves to get them up. And have you noticed lately that John makes investments in the butcher shops on Wednesday and Saturday P. M.'s.

* * *

**Saving Pain.**

Wayne: "Dad, can you write with your eyes shut?"

Mr. B.: "Yes, why?"

Wayne: "Then close your eyes and sign my report."

* * *

**A Tragedy In Two Acts.**

Act I—Scene: A moonlight garden. Enter B. E. L. with one arm full.

Smack! ! ! !

Act II—Scene: A bedroom, the moonlight streaming in thru the windows. Enter B. E. L. with both arms full.

W-a-a-a-a-a! ! ! !

Curtain Slow.

* * *

Clayton: "Is that a picture of your girl?"

Gleason: "Yeah, what do you think about her?"

Clayton: "Pretty nice frame you've got."

* * *

**A W K ! ! !**

"Mamma, can I go outside and play?"

"No, John, stay inside the sun is too hot."

"But mamma, the house is on fire down here."

* * *

**That's Different.**

Wifie: "George, I hear someone in the house."

George: Z-z-z-z!! R-r-r-mph!!"

Wifie: "I think he's in the cellar."

George: ! ! ! ! "

—Judge.

* * *

**Retort.**

Doctor Jones was given to snoring.

His wife woke him the other night and said, "John, if you'd keep your mouth shut, you'd make less noise."

"So'd you!" growled Doc as he changed position.

# ATHLETICS

**THIRD AC'S VS. ARTS.**

The third Ac's played a rather listless game the first half, the score standing at the end of this period, 10 to 0. In the second half they came back strong but were unable to overcome the ten-point lead.

Line-up:

| Arts— | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. | T.F. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Conway, F | 3 | 3 | 0 | 2 |
| Nagel, F | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Conlin, C | 3 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Wiley, G | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Knight, G | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |
| Third Ac's— | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. | T.F. |
| Kellogg, F | 1 | 0 | 1 | 2 |
| Morgan, F | 1 | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| O'Connor, C | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 |
| Goerdt, G | 0 | 0 | 3 | 0 |
| Gorman, G | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |

**FOURTH AC'S VS. SCIENCE.**

The fourth Ac's ran around the Freshman, much the same as the Arts abused the third Ac's, keeping it up throughout the game. Kopel and Diamond starred, Eddie getting three baskets and Pop two, Hanrahan also played a good game.

The line-up:

| Fourth Ac's— | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. | T.F. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Kopel, F | 3 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Diamond, F | 2 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Hanrahan, C | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Armstrong, G | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| O'Donnel, G | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 |
| McLain, G | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Science— | F.G. | F.T. | P.F. | T.F. |
| Bisenius, F | 0 | 0 | 0 | 2 |
| Bird, F | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Nolan, C | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Morrissey, G | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Croninberger, G | 0 | 0 | 2 | 0 |

Suddenly the star, which you have been watching, flies off into space. It lights up the universe for an instant. Here, you have the young man just out of College. He goes out into the world in search of wealth and happiness. He enters a profession. He is looked up to and admired. He becomes the shining star of his friends.

The star has finished its part in lighting up the heaven. It will no longer twinkle in the heavens. In this you see the old man, after he has completed his life's work. He looks back over his busy career when he was a shining light among his friends. Just as the star did its part to light up the universe, he did his part in uplifting society. He abided by the laws, educated his children, left them a good name and wealth, he was honest and charitable, and performed faithfully his duty [illegible]

**ARTS VS. FORTH ACS.**

Another thing the Cee-Ay will miss is the deciding game of the Senior league. Everyone knows that our reputation will be at stake and the Arts are sure to fight hard, and bolstered up by the support of Conway they will be hard to beat but we're sure our Seniors will fight harder.

# Around Dubuque

(Continued from Last Week.)

**THE COTTAGE ACROSS THE**

With his arrival a great change came over the McSorley family. Mrs. McSorley lost her happiness and cheer, and seemed to have abandoned all purpose in life. The quiet and peaceful home no longer radiated its kindly sunshine as before. Even the vines and shrubs about the house seemed to feel the change, and they began to take on an aspct of negligence and melancholy.

The sight of this dandy and the ruin he was making of the characters of my two friends was so hateful to me that I soon began to avoid the McSorley home, and as the months passed I visited the little cottage less and less. But one day, a year after John's return an event occurred which shocked the entire city. It came about in this way: Since his apostasy John had always ridiculed the idea of Mary's becoming a religious, and had frequently gone to the convent to argue with her. Every time he went there he brought a young man with him. No one commented on the fact at the time, but soon an awful occurrence revealed the significance of those visits.

"Mary, under the guidance of John, eloped from the convent with the young man in the dead of night, and boarded a steamer for New Orleans, where she was to marry her brother's friend. Even so, the matter might have been hushed up; but that very night a fire broke out

prose. We have been flooded with poetry, much of it very good, but we cannot publish poetry exclusively.

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On the other hand, to those who unfortunate McSorleys, until one day many years afterward I was walking down a street in Council Bluffs with the mayor of that city, who once had lived in Dubuque. We were speaking of the pioneer days when he said: "By the way, I saw another old friend of ours not long ago."

"Naturally I was curious, and I asked who it was. He answered, "Tom McSorley. He was on the way to the penitentiary to serve a life sentence for killing a man."

"You can imagine what a shock it was for me to know that my once bosom friend had turned out to be a murderer. When I could control my emotion, I asked, "Did you ever hear what became of Mrs. McSorley?"

"Oh, yes," he answered, "she died last year in the insane asylum at Kankakee."

I have listened to many eloquent sermons on the need of faith, but the most eloquent sermon I have ever heard on that subject is preached by the little cottage across the street.

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**A Bad Break.**

Henry Garcio, notorious boy burglar arrested by Ontario officers a week ago after a manhunt, in the section south of this city, was the central figure in a daring daylight jailbreak from the County jail late Saturday night.

* * *

Composer: "I've carried that joke fifty miles so you could be first to publish it."

Editor: "It will be impossible as we plan to keep the Cee-Ay strictly as an academy paper.

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Cee-Ay suggests this motto for the new dollar: "Abide with me."

* * *

"May I have a dance Miss?"

"Yes, you may have number 14."

"Sorry, but I'm not staying that long."

"Neither am I."

* * *

Fat: 'What's the matter with Fleming's eyes?"

Lincoln: "Granulated lids. Breen hit him over the head with a sugar bowl."

* * *

**Names.**

Abraham Lincoln Jones, colored, and George Washington Scott, ditto, were in a heated controversy. The dice had been turning up in favor of the Chocolated colored Washington and faint suspicion of fraud, began to dawn upon Jones.

"Look heah, niggah," he blurted "dem things has go to turn different or I'se starting trouble."

"Trouble? What kinda trouble you kalkilate stahtin," coon. Down in Loo'ville the call me Wood Alcohol I'se so tough."

"Wood Alcohol? Dat's no name for yuh. Down in Nashville where I came from, they'd call you Sweet Cider."

* * *

**Nothin' Stirrin'.**

There comes a noble stranger with
with a noval proposition,
To get the kids together in
[illegible] wishes to see you."

Hardupp: "Tell him to take a chair and I'll be there directly."

Servant: "He's taken all the chairs sir, and now he's starting on the rest of the furniture."—Didymus

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